

MERRY ENGLAND

MAY, 1885.

Forty Years' Controversy.

"MEETINGS connected with the Tractarian Movement were unusually numerous this month." So wrote a contemporary chronicler, just forty years ago. The dioceses of Oxford and Exeter were especially in a state of ferment, for there the Bishops had issued condoning Pastorals which, by showing some favour to the new and burning doctrines, were supposed to add fuel to the fires of the opposition. The surplice in the pulpit was then so strange a spectacle that when it was worn by the Rev. Francis Courtney, a mob disturbed the services in St. Sidwell's Church at Exeter; and an appeal was made to the Bishop who, however, gave a decision not exactly decisive. "I advise you not to persist in wearing the surplice in the pulpit unless conscientiously you have satisfied yourself that your engagements to the Church require you to wear it." Exeter Evangelicalism found more distinct expression on the platform of the Exeter Guildhall—which might for the nonce have been Exeter Hall itself—than it did from the mouth of its Bishop; for a public meeting of citizens condemned "passive resistance" to the revival of the doctrines of Rome, and declared that "Protestant principles are the foundation of British glory." What was going on in the West, was going on also in the North and the South and the East. London was familiar with the

clash of weapons wielded in the new controversy, and Oxford became a chosen fighting field for the combatants.

What was the hubbub all about ? The Oxford Movement had been in progress for a dozen years, and people had begun to hear of it without hysterics. The year of Mr. Newman's secession had come, it is true, but that momentous event was still six months ahead. He had left the University pulpit, and had gone to live at Littlemore, studiously hiding himself away from the publicity which by a sort of paradox of nature always pursued him. When he chose a quiet place of retreat, it was at once called the "monastery," and thus became an object of sensational curiosity. The Warden of Wadham of those days, B. P. Symons, a flourishing evangelical, who poked his nose into everything, knocked one day at the door. It was opened by Newman himself. Symons asked if he might see the monastery. "We have no monasteries here," was the answer, and the door was slammed in his face.

But that was not likely to put a stop to the intrusion. Yet of the pious little band who were with him, none was at that moment making his voice heard in the streets. Robert Coffin, who died the very grave Bishop of Southwark only the other day, was then, if we may accept Mark Pattison's rather doubtful word for it, so full of fun as to be taken seriously only with difficulty. Dalgairus and St. John were with the leader whom they retained in after years when all three had assumed the habit of St. Philip. Lockhart had already gone on in advance, but was now in the calm and quietude naturally following on a storm. True, in Oxford itself Dr. Pusey was proclaiming his right to sign the Articles, not in the sense of those who framed them, but in "their literal grammatical sense, determined, where it is ambiguous, by the faith of the whole Church, before East and West were divided." It was not any words of Pusey's, however, but the words of one of his lieutenants which were ringing in the ears of all the earnest combatants in both camps ;

and Convocation itself was now invoked to pass judgment on the opinions of William George Ward.

Those opinions had found full expression in "The Ideal of a Christian Church." The scope of that volume may be guessed from the title—a title which gave the name of "Ideal" Ward to the writer. The tables of Oxford men had long been familiar with "Tracts for the Times," and here was nothing less than a Book for the Times. If the author had not at that period seen in the Church of Rome the realization of his ideal, he certainly did not hesitate to show that his dreams had led him far away from the actualities of the system in which he had been reared. Mr. Ward had long been a contributor to the periodical literature of his school. Mr. T. Mozley in his graphic "Reminiscences" tells us, concerning his editorship of the *British Critic*, that his first troubles were with Oakeley and Ward.

"I will not say that I hesitated much as to the truth of what they wrote; for in that matter I was inclined to go very far, at least in the way of toleration. Yet it appeared to me quite impossible either that any great number of English Churchmen would ever go so far, or that persons possessing authority in the Church would fail to protest, not to say more. The cases of the two writers were very different, Oakeley was out of my reach altogether in Liturgies and Ritual. I could only put my finger on a salient point of his articles here and there. This I did, and he submitted, evidently intending, however, to persevere and come round me in the end. It was otherwise with Ward. I did but touch a filament or two in one of his monstrous cobwebs, and off ran he instantly to Newman to complain of my gratuitous impertinence. The practical difficulties which Ward threw in the way of revision were great. His handwriting was minute and detestable. It defied correction. The manuscript consisted of bundles of irregular scraps of paper, which I had to despatch to the printer crying out for copy. My own feelings about Ward's articles were that they were within comprehension and mastery; and that if I made

the required effort, I should probably go very far with them, but that I should find myself thereby embarked in an adventure beyond my control ; in a word, that the terminus of the articles was outside the Church of England."

This last intuition at any rate was justified by events. In other respects, the future did not bear out the past, as interpreted by the writer of the "Reminiscences." Fancy Mr. Ward in later years running to Edgbaston for help or for sympathy whenever he was led astray or stung ! In the matter of handwriting it is to be feared that Mr. Ward was impenitent to the



*He thinks that the whom he directly
attach to the writer with his position with
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Ward*

THE LATE DR. WARD.

"Ward's writing is like walking-sticks gone mad."—LORD TENNYSON.

end ; and he and Dean Stanley may be asserted to have called forth more expletives from printers than any other six authors—so long as one of the six was not Mr. Oxenham. And, in fact, not only printers are apt to have their calm judgment a little warped by the difficulties of a manuscript ; but editors themselves are not altogether without prepossessions and prejudices based on no more substantial foundations. If Mr. Ward had written copper-plate, who knows what a different estimate the editor of the *British Critic* might have had of his whole personality ? A more recent mention of his old contributor suggests that time had already begun to soften the recollections

of editorial agonies over sentences impossible to decipher. Writing this very year of a visit he paid to Powderham only four years ago, when the late Archbishop Tait was staying there, Mr. Mozley says: "One evening Lady Anne planted me on a sofa near the Primate, who at once began on Oxford acquaintances and Oxford doings. Of everybody and everything he spoke with a bright and tender kindness. His gentle and admiring allusions to Ward made me feel a little ashamed of the budget of grievances my soul still harbours with that gentleman."

But Ward did not need to go into print to make public his opinions. A brilliant and an irrepressible talker, he quickly enough made known the thoughts which stirred within him. When Mr. Mozley wrote to tell Cardinal Newman that he was going to publish the "Reminiscences," and that the Cardinal's name was naturally a constantly recurring one, his Eminence wrote back to his brother-in-law to express a hope that nothing would creep into the volume to wound the feelings of any one, or to stir—what he above all things dreaded—controversy. Now, what Cardinal Newman dreaded, Mr. Ward loved and preferred. He was in his element when he was in war-paint. A book may be as great an event as a battle, says a great authority; and Mr. Ward must have been very happy when he found that his book *was* a battle-field, and one of the most sanguinary that has ever been fought. We do not propose to place before the reader any full account of the volume; for a more competent pen must undertake that task. But a glance at the subsequent proceedings, of which we are now celebrating the fortieth anniversary, may be taken.

The volume had not long been out, when its author was summoned before the Vice-Chancellor's court for teaching therein that "the Articles were not directed against those who retained the old doctrines, so that they were willing to join in a protest against the shameful corruptions in existence, and

also to give up the Pope," and that "the Articles did not exclude the opinions which had existed in the Church for an indefinite period." Further steps were taken, and Convocation was called upon to condemn the book, and to deprive the writer of his degrees. Vice-Chancellor Symons moved that the passages quoted "are utterly inconsistent with the Articles, and with the declaration in respect of these Articles made and subscribed by Mr. Ward previously, and in order to his being admitted to the degrees of B.A. and M.A. respectively, and with the good faith of him the said Mr. Ward in respect of such declaration and subscription." Mr. Ward defended himself in an able speech, and Dr. Grant of New College proposed as an amendment: "That the passages now read are worthy of grave censure, but that the Convocation declines to express any opinion upon the good faith of the author, or to exercise the function of an ecclesiastical tribunal by pronouncing judgment on the nature or degree of his offence." George Anthony Denison characteristically entered his protest against the whole proceedings. On a division the Vice-Chancellor's proposition was affirmed by 777 votes against 386, giving a majority of 391 against Mr. Ward. The Proctors then took the votes on the second proposition for depriving Mr. Ward of his degrees. Thereupon Mr. Ward again addressed Convocation, reminding his hearers that persons who had even gone over to the Church of Rome had not been so deprived, whereas he was willing to serve in the Church of England, and was much attached to it. The motion, however, was put and carried by a majority of 569 to 511 votes. Mr. Ward handed in a Latin protest, and left the theatre amid the loud cheers of the undergraduates. Among the supporters of Mr. Ward was Mr. Gladstone, whose *non placet* was particularly distinct, even grim. On the occasion of that visit the future Premier "did not talk much," according to a contemporary who breakfasted with him at Hope's of Merton, where he stayed. "He is obviously

exceedingly disgusted at the state of things here, and looked gloomy after the results of the Convocation, which he thought, however, 'very fair for a mob.'” And this from the author of half a dozen Reform Bills!

Perhaps Mr. Ward never was happier in his life. It was the biggest battle he was ever called upon to fight, and he fought it well. He was not a man of many manœuvres or of delicate fencing. Whatever he said, he said bluntly, and without those niceties and indistinctnesses which were, in some measure, marks of the school to which he belonged. One of his supporters, Mr. J. B. Mozley (who must not be confounded for a moment with his already quoted and far abler brother, Mr. Thomas Mozley), tells us, all in his own temporizing way: “I really am astonished at the number and the kind of men who supported Ward after such avowals as he made. If he said once he said twenty times in the course of his speech, ‘I believe all the doctrines of the Roman Church,’ and 511 members of Convocation voted for him.” But it was precisely this very frankness of Ward’s which won him the sympathy of men widely differing from each other in all matters of controversy. Thus Moberley, now Bishop of Salisbury, wrote: “I know enough of the book to know it to be dangerous; but—the University must pardon me—I *know* Mr. Ward too; and I know him to be a man of the most thorough and upright integrity. I will not be a party to a sentence which goes out of its way to declare that he is not an honest man.” Tait, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, approving of Mr. Ward’s condemnation, wrote: “It may be said that Mr. Ward does not teach, but only believes, the doctrines of Rome. But any one who knows the boldness and straightforwardness of his character will at once acknowledge that it is physically impossible for him to believe strongly any set of opinions, and not give utterance to them.” Stanley—from the Liberal stand-point—has spoken admirably of his

“transparent candour and unrivalled powers of argument ;” and Keble wrote that he could not think of the success of the proposed condemnation, without a “deep sense of wrong and fear of retribution.”

What part Mr. Ward afterwards took in the great controversy on the side of dogma, which he so openly espoused just forty years ago, is sufficiently familiar ; it need not be recalled in more than a few words.

From 1863 till 1873 Mr. Ward edited the *Dublin Review*—the quarterly which Cardinal Wiseman started, but found so burdensome in the midst of his multiform duties, that he welcomed the advent of Mr. Ward, whose name was mentioned to him as that of a likely editor by Cardinal Manning. After his marriage with Miss Wingfield, daughter of a Prebendary of Worcester, the newly married pair had retired in comparative poverty to Old Hall Green, in Hertfordshire, where Mr. Ward held the chair of Dogmatic Theology for seven years, having the degree of Doctor of Philosophy conferred on him by Pope Pius IX. On the death of his uncle, who became reconciled to his nephew's secession, he inherited a large property in the Isle of Wight ; but accession of wealth did not in any degree abate the zeal with which he laboured in defence of the principles he had espoused. A born controversialist, as we have said, he by no means confined his polemics to the internecine divisions between Christians, but was one of the most accomplished defenders of revealed religion against the assaults of the doubter. In him Mill found an opponent for whom he had respect. Though he was reputed a pitiless logician, and though he was at times apt to “stretch principles till they were close upon snapping,” yet in private life he was a genial and considerate friend. The day spent in philosophy was generally ended by an evening at the opera or the theatre, for which he had a passion. He was adjudged the most uncompromising of controversialists ; yet the Cardinal

Archbishop of Westminster and the Archbishop of Canterbury almost met on his threshold when they came to visit him on his dying bed. Fortified by the sacraments of the Church he had loved and ever intended to serve, he would, in the intervals of pain, burst out with such ejaculations as "God knows that, with all my faults, I have had no stronger desire than that of loving Him and promoting His glory." "My God, I love Thee!" he would say; and his last words were, "I wish to go to my Saviour." And this he did on Thursday, July 6, 1882.

The mantle of Dr. Ward has fallen upon one of his sons. The controversy which began forty years ago has been continued since his father's death by Mr. Wilfrid Ward.* Whatever may be said of the present time as a time of serious thought and sincere inquiry, we cannot make the boast for it that it is an age of young believers. The impulse, heart and energy of youth are generally spent in speculation rather than put to use in the security of conviction. The many nations are full of Faith, but it is middle-aged Faith, Faith that has never lost the quiet tradition of a calmer generation, or that, having lapsed during the storm and stress of life, has been regained in the subsidence. Little therefore has been written on the side of dogmatic religion by young writers during the long and strong controversy of the present phases of spiritual activity; and those who care to follow those phases have probably missed this very quality of youth among the defenders of the creeds.

For this reason, among others, no doubt the appearance of a young orthodox controversialist was welcomed with particular

* Before these pages have been long in print, the marriage of Mr. Granville Ward, of Northwood, Dr. Ward's eldest son, with Miss Dormer, will have taken place. It is pleasant to remember that two great literary reputations, one in some sense the complement of the other, are brought together by the union of the son of the logician with the granddaughter of Mr. Kenelm Digby, the poetical author of "The Broadstone of Honour."

interest when "The Wish to Believe" (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) appeared. The author not only was young—he had the distinctive qualities of youth in abundance. What he had to say had above all things "actuality," and it proved him to have touch of the time. No one who had ever looked into the thoughts of the world or into his own thoughts had failed to ask of himself or of his fellows a question as to the state of the will or wish in face of religious Revelation. Perhaps the difficulty which is declared to attend definite Faiths in the days of science, and which is of course a difficulty of rejection quite as much as it is a difficulty of acceptance, has made that question as to will more important than it ever was before. The mind is met by inconceivable, if not unthinkable, things on either path of speculation, and turning back it is left alone with its own will—that will by which only can man either please or offend the Almighty, as a Father has told us. Mr. Wilfrid Ward was therefore intelligible to all his contemporaries when he treated this subject of the wish for Faith. His question was, too, within the immediate experience of all his readers, when, having, at least implicitly, set them to an examination of the state of their wishes, he inquired how far a wish may be father to a thought, and yet the impartial, vigilant, and severe critic of that thought. The aim of Mr. Wilfrid Ward is to convince his reader that these two relations of wish and thought are quite compatible and even necessary. I shall not be stirred to vital inquiry unless I have a wish to believe, for a wish to disbelieve is at once too negative for a force and too ignoble for an incentive. But the very possession of that wish will make me not less but more watchful and sceptical (to use the latter abused word in its right sense), more reluctant to be certain without good reason, more delicate in my apprehension of difficulties. I shall hesitate to be as sure as I long to be, until my inquiry shall indeed put me in full possession of the "evidence of things not seen, the substance of things

hoped for." The volume centres about this leading thought, for which it was written and which gives it life. It treats of other things akin, and is cast in the conversational form which forbids too much concentration and favours that quality or achievement rarely compassed by controversy—popularity.

In an article entitled "The Clothes of Religion," contributed to the *National Review*, Mr. Wilfrid Ward has made a little light mockery of Mr. Frederick Harrison, who is not fond of light mockery, and who will soon, it is to be feared, begin to despair of humanity if poking fun is to be one of its favoured means of controversy. Even Mr. Harrison's capitals are not sacred in the eyes of Mr. Ward. When Mr. Harrison assures us that "the religion of man in the vast cycles that are to come will be reverence for Humanity, as supported by Nature," Mr. Ward is inclined to retort: "Prune down your capital letters at all events. Let us examine your statements on their own merits—as they are in themselves and without the clothing of enthusiasm. You have been ruthlessly undressing the Infinite Eternal Energy; you have knocked all assumed dignity out of the Unknowable; you have laughed at it because it has managed to get itself spelt with a capital U; in common fairness then, do the same by your own gods! Let us see calmly, and by careful and sober analysis, what humanity supported by nature comes to, in itself, and without unction or capitals; and how far it will be able to serve us as a religion." Mr. Ward goes further into the heart of the subject when he says:—

"In company with Mr. Spencer, Mr. Harrison has relentlessly pursued the path of negation, until they have arrived at the common conclusion that all that is known is phenomenal nature in its operation on mankind. Here, then, is the exhaustive division of all things—Phenomenal Nature and the Unknown. But at this point comes before us the truth of the saying, '*Naturam expellas furcâ tamen usque recurret.*' All that need of something to reverence which George Eliot lays down as a primary demand of our nature, the satisfaction of

which is essential to happiness, comes in full force upon both. It matters not that their reason has decided that nothing exists to satisfy the need. A starving man has been known to endeavour to appease his hunger by eating a pair of boots, in default of any more attractive species of food ; and in like manner the Positivist and the Agnostic, finding in reach only Nature and the Unknown, make a desperate effort to satisfy their religious cravings with these very unpromising objects. The Positivist takes one boot, the Agnostic the other. The former takes Nature, the latter the Unknown ; and by a mental process which can only be characterized as monomania, they contrive to enjoy a sort of religious Barmecide's feast."

Again, in the same article, Mr. Ward says :—

"That a man should refrain from beating his wife because he believes in a God whose claims on him are paramount, and who will reward him or punish him according as he refrains or does not refrain, is reasonable and natural. But that love for the human race should make him refrain when love for his wife was an insufficient motive, is hardly to be expected. 'Keep yourself up for my sake,' said Winkle to Mr. Pickwick, who was in the water. The author remarks that he was probably yet more effectively moved to do so for his own sake. And to tell a man to be good to his wife for the sake of the human race has in it a considerable element of similar bathos. It is exactly parallel to the well-known method of catching a bird. No doubt if you can put salt on his tail you can catch him. And so, too, if you can get a man to love the human race with a surpassing love, no doubt he will treat his wife well. But the first step in putting the salt on is to catch the bird ; and the first step towards loving the human race is to have tenderness for those who are nearest."

If, as rumour says, Cardinal Newman delighted at these sallies from the pen of his young friend, the son of his old friend, not so Mr. Frederick Harrison. In a rejoinder which he printed, he did not write very much like a philosopher, and Mr. Wilfrid Ward again went out, sling in hand, to combat

with the Goliath of Positivism. Writing this time in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, he remarked :—

“Another point in Mr. Harrison’s reply deserves notice as recalling a famous story. When challenged to reconcile the very mild form of Positivism advocated in his last article with the enthusiastic worship of Humanity, which he advocates in his more orthodox works, he tell his critics that ‘his orthodoxy is his own concern, not theirs.’ Has Mr. Harrison ever heard of the traveller who described a species of bee, inhabiting a far-off clime, and declared that he had seen specimens as big as a man’s fist? His hearer, though he had never seen the bees, had seen some of their hives, which were, he said, no bigger than ordinary English hives. ‘How,’ he asked, ‘can the bees, if they are as large as you describe them, get in?’ The traveller hesitated, and then answered solemnly, ‘That, sir, is their affair.’ This is the dream; and the interpretation thereof is that Mr. Harrison’s original ecstatic account of the Religion of Humanity is the traveller’s description of the bees; his article on ‘Agnostic Metaphysics’ is the hive; and when he is asked how the ecstatic religion will fit into the prosaic one, his reply is—that that is his affair. But the man who listened to the traveller’s tale was probably sceptical as to the enormous size of the insects; and those who have read Mr. Harrison’s recent utterances carefully, will, I think, remain of opinion that his Religion of Humanity is not much bigger than an ordinary English bee.”

The day for hammer and tongs in controversy has gone. Violence is no longer mistaken for strength, declamation does not pass for argument, nor assertion for proof. In view of the altered temper of men’s minds, and of that passion for mastering the intricacies of controversy which the conductors of Reviews and Magazines are eager to gratify, but which they will not often satisfy, there is a vast amount of work lying ready to the hand of a writer like Mr. Wilfrid Ward. We may say to him what the gentleman in the coach said to David Wilkie : “I’m thankful, sir, to find you are so young.”

JOHN OLDCASTLE.

The Fourth Estate.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE said that a picture is something between a thought and a thing. It is not a thought, because it is visible to the eye. It is not a thing, because, beyond a combination of lines, lights and colours, it has no existence. So we may say that a newspaper is something between a voice and a book. It is not a voice, because it speaks inaudibly. It is not a book, because it is a mere sheet or leaf, which is scattered broadcast every day, or once a week. He that writes a book studies long, and weighs, and writes, and rewrites, and lays up his work till the whole is finished. He prints it, and is a successful author if he sells a thousand copies. Many buy, and do not read ; many read half, and never finish ; many read, and do not understand. The sphere of a book is small ; and its fate is the shelf, dust, and oblivion. But a newspaper is like a knock at the door morning by morning, or Saturday by Saturday. It is so short that even the idle will read it, and so plain that even the simple can understand. It speaks to thousands at once. Mere curiosity will make men read, and mere dullness will make them talk of what they have read in their newspaper. It thinks for them, and they reproduce it in their talk at breakfast and dinner and supper. It becomes a voice, and spreads wide. There is no more prompt, direct, intelligible, and certain way of speaking to men in this nineteenth century than by a newspaper. Books move slowly in a narrow circle, voices are heard only in a church or in a lecture-room ; but a newspaper speaks everywhere, withersoever it floats by sea or flies by post. "The thing becomes a trumpet." It is the nearest approach to the living Voice which is universal. After the Voice of the Church comes the voice, or rather the voices, of

the Newspaper Press. They are clamorous, discordant, defiant, worldly, evil, and often Godless.

Cicero, in his description of an orator, draws out the picture of a man of universal culture. Somebody said of a Lord Chancellor, a great orator, in the last generation, that if he had known a little law he would have known a little of everything. The Rector of a College tells us that the "highest outcome" of certain studies in Oxford "is the able Editor." Under protection of the anonymous press, such authorities instruct the public upon all that concerns their highest interests, with a dogmatism and an assurance proportioned to their ignorance of the subject they are assuming to teach. In the Schools of Oxford, he says, is now taught "in perfection the art of writing "leading articles." *Non meus hic sermo.* No one but a Head of a House could write this under pain of vivisection. An Editor, therefore, may be a dogmatic teacher, and a destructive critic, as majestic as Jupiter Tonans, and as mischievous as a Whitehead torpedo, proportionally to his ignorance. We prefer Cicero's description of an orator, or even the malicious photograph of Lord Brougham.

An Editor's task is very onerous, and its moral duties are very grave. His office is rather that of a ruler or judge than of an author or of a professor. For any man to be master of all the topics which fill a newspaper is impossible. Whewell could write on most things, from a Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences to a History of Chinese Music; but the *Times* of to-morrow will contain heterogeneous matter which no one man can profess to know. Book learning is not enough. Contact with life, and knowledge of men, a watchful noting of events, and a discernment of the signs of the political horizon, are necessary for any one who would think for his contemporaries, and speak to those who cannot think for themselves.

An Editor, moreover, needs the impartiality of a judicial mind; and all the more inasmuch as he speaks, like the Homeric

deities, out of a cloud. Anonymous writing is a dangerous trade. Few men can resist the temptation to write under a mask things which they would not say with open face. It is perhaps necessary that there should be an anonymous and "viewless" Judge, sitting in an unseen tribunal, who may watch over the *minora moralia*, the lesser moralities of life, of which legislation and the Courts of Westminster take no cognizance, because they can enforce no jurisdiction. But it is a dangerous tribunal, and may become like the Secret Societies which tell off assassins to destroy. Unless an Editor be upright, just, and forbearing, he may be used to violate the laws of charity and justice, and to break in upon the sanctuary of private life. The ravenous appetite for personal gossip which makes havoc of society is passing into the Press : a sure sign of a lowered tone among those that read. For no man would write what no man would read : the demand invites the supply, and the supply stimulates the thirst for detraction.

But there is one more quality of the judicial mind needed for an Editor. It was said of a living statesman that his mind was like the proboscis of an elephant. It could pull up a tree, or pick up a pin. An Editor has to judge of the relative magnitudes and values of articles, and letters, and critiques, dear to their authors as Aristotle says children always are to parents ; and, as we may add, often in the measure of their deformities. It was said of S. Francis of Sales that his way of rejecting a request was so winning that he gave more pleasure when he refused what was asked of him than when he granted it. People rather liked it. Clearly S. Francis of Sales never edited a newspaper, and never had to deal with disappointed authors.

But to pass from Editors to Readers. What a newspaper reader is, it is hard to say ; for there are as many kinds of readers as there are of fishes—from a shark to an octopus. First, there is a division on the principle of taste. For instance :

there are some who will ravenously read everything but the advertisements. There are those who will fastidiously read the advertisements, and nothing else. There are the monied men who read the City article only, and do not know what Dulcigno is ; and others who carefully read the Police reports, as the chief events of the times. Some unwisely read and believe all that "Our Own Correspondents" write, especially the "News from Rome." This, however, is a small class, chiefly of elderly ladies, and expositors of the Apocalypse. Others, again, revel in Coroner's inquests, in the dearth of new novels. We remember an inexperienced young man who was sedulously reading out to Lord Stowell the latest political news, till he was stopped by, "Can't you find me a good murder?" Some readers buy a *Times* at Euston Square when starting for Inverness, and are found next morning at daybreak still devouring it. Finally, there are those who converse only with the great spirits of Olympus who breathe to us in the leading articles ; and a large class who revel in the outer darkness of personal scandal and all uncharitableness.

The next division of readers may be made on the principle of discernment. Some believe everything their newspaper tells them ; and some, to show their superior information, believe nothing. The former is a large and amiable class, dying out, we fear. "How can you doubt it ? I saw it in the newspaper." This was a peaceful race who lived out of the strife of truth and falsehood, of fact and fiction. What did it matter to them ? If it was so, it was so ; if not, not : and their daily life was all the same. These are the readers chiefly to be found in rural homes. The world goes round daily, and they with it ; but they feel no motion, and believe it to be at rest. The latter class are less happy. If S. Augustine is right in defining faith to be a *pious credulitatis affectus*, then the superior incredulity of those who know that the newspapers are always wrong must be distinctly impious, and in no

way soothing to the mind. In truth, such readers lose all the placid enjoyment of slumbering over their newspaper. They cannot settle and draw honey from its harmless fictions. It is life and death to them to be trumpetting and stinging like gnats, consigning the whole staff, from the able editor down to the folders, to the limbo of idiots. This hyper-discernment is a misery to the gifted owner. He robs himself of many a gleaming and tranquillizing vision, which allays irritation of the brain, and is after all as true as the greater part of the telegrams which now rule the world. If we say that the great Tempter who has seduced mankind into an impious incredulity of what newspapers tell us is Baron Reuter, we do so with instant reparation to avert action for libel—that is, if the Baron be really extant in the flesh. We take him to be a mythical personage: the God Pan of the Newspaper world, at once everywhere and nowhere, as changeful as Proteus, and as little bound to truth. During the Russo-Turkish war, telegrams were dated from every point of the two strategical positions. But they all came from Vienna. They were identical in words, but they appeared next day in all the party colours of Russophiles and Turcophiles—*frontibus adversis pugnantis*—as they had been made up for the various palates of the opposite worlds of readers.

And this touches a sensitive part in the great empire of newspapers. It is not the supply that creates the demand, but the demand that creates the supply. And here we find that at last an editor has many masters. It is bad enough to serve two. Woe to the wight who must content many. If he does not cater to their taste, or their discernment, or their curiosity, or their fancies, they can starve him. Picture to yourself Count Ugolino starving in an editor's room. It therefore seems to us that a newspaper reader is a formidable dispenser of life and death, like the householders in Edinburgh, who had the right of gallows in the back courts of every tenement.

HENRY EDWARD, CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP.